



THOUGH other purses be more
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hanging sorrow? Care will kill a cat
And, therefore, let's be merry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mis Cellaneous, though a small and dainty damsel, is one of the most extravagant; her expenses never amount so much over five or ten cents, but what enormous bills they foot up to, at the end of the month, often more than the clothing.

The old saw that tells us to look out for the pennies for the pounds will take care of themselves is one we should heed.

Five, ten and fifteen cents, with sometimes a quarter, doesn't seem much, and so we buy the new pin or collar, a magazine or some candy too often, and our purses are flat with nothing to show for the money spent. If these expenditures were only occasional, it would not matter so much, but the very smallness of the amount is our undoing.

It is the wise woman who keeps an account, itemizing even the miscellaneous purchases, for she will then see what even small things come to, at the end of the month.

One doesn't care to be penurious or miserly, traits that are decidedly unpleasant, but we must, if we live within our income, use discretion in our buying.

It is the little foxes, the little leaks that we need to watch, for most of us consider well when large amounts are to be spent, that we get what we pay for, and need the article.

Pineapple Delight.—Take fresh or canned pineapple and cut into eight. Pare sweet, juicy oranges and remove each section, freeing each from the membrane and seeds. Sprinkle lemon juice over the pineapple. Arrange the orange sections and pineapple pieces in a dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar or a mixture of it and maple sugar. Over this sprinkle a layer of coconut. Any canned fruit may be used with the oranges; peaches and pears are especially good.

Savory Toast.—Chicken gravy poured over nicely buttered and softened toast makes a nice supper or luncheon dish. With a crisp salad and a cup of cocoa one has a good meal.

Nellie Maxwell.



YOU must either soar or stoop.
Fall or triumph, stand or droop.
You must either cringe or govern.
Must be slave or must be sovereign.

SOME FAVORITE RECIPES.

A delicious frozen dish called, by some, velvet cream, others lemon sherbet and by most of us "So Good," is prepared as follows: Take a pint of cream, a pint of milk, two cups of sugar and the juice of three lemons. Stir all together and freeze.

A delicious home-made cheese may be prepared by adding two canned red peppers to a small cream cheese, adding salt and red pepper, if needed. The addition of a little sour cream improves the cheese and makes it go farther.

Quick Cake.—Into a third of a cup of melted butter break two eggs and fill the cup with milk. Sift together a cup of flour, a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix and bake. Fine served warm.

When baking a pie, use some of the left-over pastry to patty shells. Roll the crust very thin and bake on the bottom of muffin pans. If care is used in baking and removing, the shells will be shapely and perfect. When serving any small amount of creamed vegetable or fish they are a great addition to the appearance of the dish.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Select small, round, uniform-sized tomatoes, cut a slice from the stem end and remove the pulp with a spoon. Chop fine a slice of onion and a small piece of red or green pepper; cook these in two tablespoonfuls of butter until the onion is yellow; add half a cup of chopped cooked ham and a scant cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Use the mixture to fill the tomatoes and bake in a hot oven, basting two or three times with butter and water. Bake about twenty minutes.

Breakfast Mackerel.—If the fresh fish is not obtainable, soak the salt ones over night, flesh side down. Place in a dripping pan and cover with water, place in a hot oven; when the water is evaporated pour over thin cream. Season, and when hot, serve.

Nellie Maxwell.

Free Meals for School Children.
The number of meals given to school children in England last year was 16,872,000. The cost was \$765,000, of which only \$6,875 was received from parents as voluntary contributions.

Being Cheerful.

"Lillian Russell says that one should always be cheerful while eating. Mrs. Slindt." "That's all well enough for you, Mr. Starboarder, but you'll have to pay something on your board bill before I can be very cheerful."—Houston Post.

There Are Two.

"Some sounder sent him an infernal machine." "What was it, an automobile or a phonograph?"—Houston Post.

Of Interest to Women

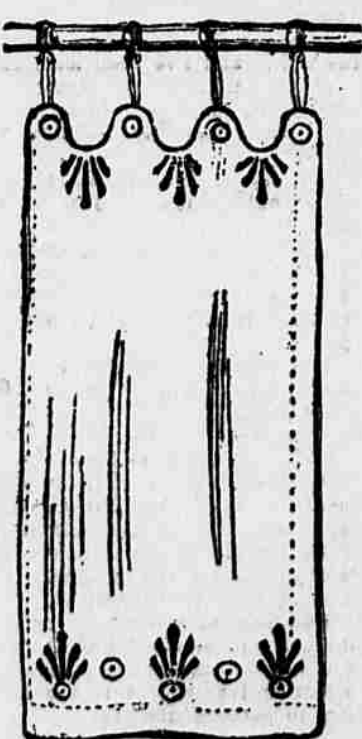
Women and The Ballot—Female Cry Of The Hour "Equality With Men" is a Plea Not for a Few, But for All Women—A Real Genius Rarest Among the Fair Sex.

Few things can appear more curious to a dispassionate observer than the foam of discontent seething up amongst women at the present day. Any discontent, if it be strong enough, will produce revolution; but a not uncommon result of revolution is a recoil into a more despotic absolutism than any that existed before the rebellion. It is possible that such a result will follow on the present revolt of womanhood; meantime, coupled with another equally prominent feature of their sex in the present time, it is certainly one of the most curious of our social phenomena. We have studied it as such with some degree of attention, and we have come to the conclusion that, despite the prominence of its school, it is not altogether so original as it believes, and it does not very clearly know what it actually aims at and requires.

"Equality with men," we are answered. But this is exceedingly difficult to define. Of course it is perfectly easy to pass jests upon, and concoct witticisms out of, such a subject; they suggest themselves by the million. The harder effort is to avoid the attractively and facetiously ludicrous side of the subject and write upon it seriously. All jests apart, it is something difficult to define—this equality with men that is the female cry of the hour. If equality in privileges be taken, equality in liabilities must be enforced also. Are women to go to this extreme?—to become soldiers if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach this length; but unless they are, the desire for "equality with men" is only another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty.

We can thoroughly sympathize with the impatience of a clever woman at seeing herself excluded from an arena of public life in which some masculine fools and many masculine mediocrities succeed. We are fully prepared to admit that here and there may arise a woman of such brilliant abilities that she would be fully capable of governing an empire or manœuvring an army. But such women come once in five centuries; and this question is not of exceptional, but of all, women. The equality demanded is not for the few, but for the many. It is of the admission of the many to its rights and exercises that we have to treat; not of the admission of the two or three great women who may adorn a century, and who, be it noted, generally contrive to do well for themselves and rarely are participants in the cry of which we have heard so much in late years. Where real genius appears it levels sex; but this is at all times rare, in women rarest, and it is of the vast mass of "the general" that we speak. Maria Theresa, Catherine, Maria, Roland, Hypatia, Cornelia, Sappho, will always make their own mark on the world's history; but the plea now raised for the admission of all women—to the possession of the paths and thrones of men.

Stencil Design.



Curtain Done on Icorin.

The Most Beautiful Women.
"When Rodin, the sculptor, was recently asked what country produced the most beautiful women," says an English periodical, "his reply was, 'All of them. Each country has its own beauty.' He added: 'What is beauty? No exact definition can be given. Those who most resemble the classic type are some of the Italian models from the South, and from Sicily, really the Greek part of Italy. These also have a peculiarity rarely found nowadays with us, that the second toe being longer than the big toe. One finds it invariably in Greek statues. Another classic feature, the nose continuing the line of the forehead, is rarer. I once saw it in a young American woman, Miss D., who had produced it artificially by injecting paraffine to fill up the hollow at the bridge of the nose. The effect was very ugly.'"

No Joke.

"Keep your nose out of other people's business, and never fight the battles of others," said the sage. "If I followed that advice I would starve to death," said the stranger. "I am a lawyer."

Got to Buy Another Now.
They have got a little baby very sweet and very huggy. And they will never give away Another baby buggy. —Houston Post.

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MR. SPICER'S UMBRELLA SHOP

There was once a gentleman who sold umbrellas. He had a little umbrella shop in the window of which was a tremendous swirl made entirely of umbrellas with their points together in the center and their handles sticking out into space. He also sold umbrella stands, and his name was Mr. Spicer. He went to his shop very early in the morning, and he left very late at night, and when he wasn't selling umbrellas he was trying to sell umbrellas. He had an assistant who mended umbrellas, and when he wasn't mending umbrellas he was trying to mend umbrellas.

Every morning at breakfast Mr. Spicer would read the weather report. And as soon as he reached his shop, he would go to the window and say, "What a nice rainy day!" or "What a dismal sunshiny day!" as the case might be.

Mr. Spicer had a daughter who always looked lovely, or was trying to look lovely. And he had a wife who looked happy and contented, or else was trying to look happy and contented, and she was the nicest one of the family, although they were all rather nice as families go.

Sometimes the lovely daughter would drop in at her father's shop, and if she were wishing for a clear day, and it was raining, she would exclaim, "What a dreary day! I'll have to go home and stay indoors!"

But one morning the lovely daughter said at breakfast, "Oh, how glad I am! We are going to have a sunny day, and I can go to the picnic and wear my best new dress!"

To which Mr. Spicer answered: "I shall not sell more than two umbrellas today."

"But, father," the lovely daughter replied, "if I do not go to picnics, but merely try to go to picnics, I would have no use for the best new dresses."

And Mr. Spicer pondered a while over that and said: "This is a complicated world. I wish to buy my daughter nice new dresses to wear to picnics, and I cannot buy her nice new dresses if it is sunny, and she cannot go to picnics if it rains."

"Father is always saying clever things," said Miss Spicer. "Or trying to solve difficulties," said Mrs. Spicer, who was always pleasant.

And then Mr. Spicer went off to the umbrella shop, and Miss Spicer went to the picnic.

An old lady came into the umbrella shop and said: "Good-morning, Mr. Spicer; do you sell sunshades?"

And Mr. Spicer said: "Why no, I've never sold sunshades. I've never heard of them, and I've never even tried to sell sunshades."

"Well," said the old lady, "if I leave the order will you try to make a sunshade for me?"

"What color sunshade?" said Mr. Spicer, who was a cautious man.

"Well, suppose we say a pink sunshade," said the old lady, "I think I'll have a pink sunshade."

"A pink sunshade," said Mr. Spicer. "Why, yes, I think I could undertake to make a pink sunshade if you should leave an order for one."

"Very well," said the old lady, "I'll come for it on Wednesday, if you'll please remember. Kindly have it ready then."

And when she had gone Mr. Spicer said to his assistant: "Do you think you could make a pink sunshade?"

"I could try to make a pink sunshade," said the assistant.

"You're a very trying person," said Mr. Spicer; "but go ahead and try."

So the assistant tried, and in

course of time produced a pink sunshade. He was a trusting assistant and always hoped for the best when he worked on anything.

And when Mr. Spicer saw the sunshade he said: "You are a very helpful helper."

"You called me trying last week," said the assistant.

"Last week you were trying," said Mr. Spicer, "and you were trusting. Now you are tried and trusted. Make me another pink sunshade."

And that is how it happened that Mr. Spicer built up a large and prosperous business in sunshades, so that sunny and rainy days were equally agreeable to him. Thus the family always were happy, and the clever assistant eventually fell in love with Miss Spicer and spent most of his time writing poetry—or trying to write poetry.—St. Nicholas.

From Eli's Scrap-Book.

The late Melville de Lancy Landon—"Eli Perkins"—kept in his library at Yonkers a scrap book of typographical errors. Perhaps the most striking of these errors, says The Los Angeles Times, was a sentence from the society column of a fashionable New York paper: "The fair and blushing bridesmaids wore very handsome breeches; the gift of the bridegroom."

Tough!

John G. was at breakfast at a hotel, and encountered a piece of tough beefsteak. Having failed to make an impression on it, he quietly laid down his knife and fork, and remarked to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's my opinion that this steak is an infringement on the Goodyear patent."

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come quick; there's Fido! I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mama, mama! he cried, 'I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!'"

"Oh, no, I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her, much aggrieved. "Well, he said, indignantly, 'I guess my imagination isn't white behind.'"

A United Family.

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America had helped them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying: "Dear Mother and Father—Just wait; another fortnight and I'll come home and gang wi' ye. Your affectionate son."

A Little Previous.

A kyspy, upon release from jail, met a friend.

"What were you in for," asked the friend.

"I found a horse."

"Found a horse?—nonsense! They wouldn't let you go for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

Trying His Hand.

"I doubt ye are growing, remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three Sabbaths."

John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he, "it's no that I'm growing remiss. I'm just tinkering awa wi' me soul massie."

Try the Dispatch—\$1 a year.

DOUBTFUL POWDER.

Darky Expert Put it to the Test with a Vengeance.

One day, after listening to a story particularly offensive with age, Lincoln McConnell, the Georgia evangelist, told this:

An old darkey went into a store down in Georgia and asked:

"Say, boss, you got any gun powder heah?"

"We, we have gun powder."

"Lemme see some of that theah gun powder."

The dealer showed him some.

"Pore a little of that powder in my hand."

The old darkey took the powder near the light, ran his forefinger around and around in it, looked at it critically, and then smelled it two or three times.

"And you say this heath is powder."

"Yes," answered the dealer sharply; "that is powder. What is the matter with it?"

"Dunno, boss"—the darkey shook his head doubtfully—"but hit smells to me like it's done been shot off befeah."

HE KNEW.



Mabel—Dora has such melting eyes.

Jack—That's because she is so hot-tempered.

An Air with Real Air.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I ever heard," remarked the President.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"Hail to the Chief—with real hail!" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.—Harper's Weekly.

Found the Proper Head.

A bright girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half sister and her three boys," said the pupil, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys acted so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke to the words "Domestic affliction."

Try the Dispatch—\$1 a year.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Punishment



Yuh got me back all bloody-bare, th' east is in yer hand; Yuh've kept th' count, an' some to spare, an' I can hardly stand. Don't hang th' cat up till yer done; you've lashed me to me shame—Now go an' lash 'em one by one—th' folks that is to blame.

Go back a century or so, an' trace it to its start—Th' curleins' notions deep an' low, th' crime that found me heart. There's a man back there, an' wimmen, too, that gave their thought an' deed To build th' soul that in me grew all warped to fit my need.

Go back an' find th' men that led, an' stole but wasn't caught. Th' wimmen with deceitful pride whose soft words come to naught; Go back an' lash 'em one by one, an' then don't think yer through—The punishment 'll not be done; there's more for ye to do.

Go find th' alley where I come unwelcome to this earth—A part o' human nature's scum, a bad sin from my birth. Go find th' folks that let us be, contented with our dirt—They've got to take some blame for me, they've got to feel my hurt.

Go find th' folks that made th' law an' never put in love. That thought that what they never saw was done by God above! Go lash th' good ones! Them that drew away in righteous scorn From alley an' from hotel, too—th' place where I was born.

God knows that I am bad enough an' never had a name. But High-Heeled Shoe an' Spotted Cuff has got to shine an' blame. WY, just a word, a look, a smile that they would never miss Might ha' made me go straight a while, might ha' kep' me from this.

Yuh've got me back all bloody-bare, th' cat has left its sting; I ain't a man, you don't care—to you I'm just a Thing. But who made me a Thing, I say? All right, I'll do my time. But lots o' you on Judgment Day will share with me my crime!

Sad Case.

There was a young fellow sung bass So loud that the hole in his fass Looked like a huge chasm That gave folks a phasm.

And scared all the cats on the plass. Put your ad. in the Harp of Various Things column.

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."

Good for Broken Shins.

G. G. Jones, Baldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken shins above the knee caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain.

Mr. Henry A. Yonke, 84 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes: "A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good liniment."

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Sloan's Balm for horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

Address: Dr. E. S. Sloan.

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup

Have you a cold with a hacking or racking cough, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough or measles cough?

SAMPLE, FREE. Then test the old reliable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, free.

Write to A. C. Meyers & Co., Bldg. Moore, Bld. Union this paper.

"I had a very bad cold and cough and I used the valuable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with the best results; one bottle cured me entirely."

Frances E. Loane, Bridgeville, Del.

REGULAR BOTTLE, 25 CTS.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup contains no morphine or chloroform. It is safe and best.

Teachers' Examination.

THE Board of Examiners will hold meetings to examine teachers as follows:

Examination at 9 o'clock A.M. and 1 o'clock P.M.

November—First Saturday in September, November, December, February, March, May and June.

July—First Saturday in October, January, April and July.

Examination of Young Teachers—Third Saturday in April and third Saturday in May.

Applicants who have had any experience in teaching are required to bring testimonials from the Directors of the schools which they last taught, stating their success and their ability to govern a school. All who are not personally acquainted with the examiners must have testimonials of moral character.

Applicants will be required to use pen and ink. G. W. ALLOWAY, Secretary. G. W. ALLOWAY, Secretary. G. W. ALLOWAY, Secretary.

Advertise in The Dispatch.